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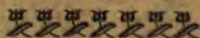
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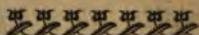
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ARTHUR
UPSON

SONNETS
AND SONGS

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SONNETS AND SONGS



SONNETS AND SONGS
BY ARTHUR UPSON



PORTLAND MAINE
THOMAS B MOSHER
MDCCCCXI

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Minneapolis*

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THOMAS B MOSHER
1911**

TO
URSULA
WHO CHOSE AND ARRANGED
THIS VERSE
IT IS INSCRIBED
WITH LOVE
A. U.
Summer, 1908

HIS LOVERS TO ARTHUR UPSON

*We see thee in the clear, aspiring flame
On Autumn hearts; the moon and each white star
Restore us thy deep, love-wise smile; afar
About the world red roses breathe thy fame
In many gardens; old rich words proclaim
Thee; music sings thee in each magic bar:
And all the rare and lovely things that are
Bloom newly now to celebrate thy name.*

*And so this world is fairer than before
With thee in sunset cloud and the blue day.
Thou needest not — O Perfect! — longer stay,
But oh, without thee! — how to win thy lore?
— Yet even Death, for thee, hath shed despair,
Dark Death is beautiful now thou art there!*

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

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SONNETS AND SONGS



This little group of sonnets and songs, chosen from *The Collected Poems of Arthur Upson*, is almost identical with a selection made at the poet's request a few weeks before the end of his life. It bears the title and the dedication he intended for it.

Acknowledgment of their kind permission to reprint these poems is tendered to Mrs. Julia Claffin Upson, Mr. Edmund D. Brooks, and *The Bellman*.

R. S. P.



AFTER A DOLMETSCH CONCERT



UT of the conquered Past
Unravishable Beauty ;
Hearts that are dew and dust
Rebuking the dream of Death ;
Flower o' the clay down-cast
Triumphant in Earth's aroma ;
Strings that were strained in rust
A-tremble with Music's breath !

Wine that was spilt in haste
Arising in fumes more precious ;
Garlands that fell forgot
Rooting to wondrous bloom ;
Youth that would flow to waste
Pausing in pool-green valleys —
And Passion that lasted not
Surviving the voiceless Tomb !

THE EARTH-ERRAND

THIS memory-laden star that winds
Through space her wistful ways,
Searching for that she yet not finds
In all her yesterdays —
She is a troubled thought whose quest,
Gone forth among the spheres,
Shall never know delight nor rest,
Nor respite from her fears,
But still veer on through void and flame,
And still expectant yearn,
Till, with her prize, to whence she came
She doth at length return.

The sun that lends her living light
To tell her gilded years,
The moon that lanterns her at night
To search among the spheres,
The starry hosts that wheel about
And watch her mazes wind,
Serve humbly with nor dread nor doubt
That she one day will find —
That she one day will find the prize
They sent her forth to earn,
And with it through the waiting skies
Triumphantly return !

“VERS LA VIE”

(THE STATUE BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU IN THE
PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS, BRUSSELS)

ANGEL, hast thou betrayed me? Long ago
In the Forgotten Land of souls that wait,
Thou leddest me to the outward-folding gate,
Bidding me live. I leaned into the flow
Of earthward-rushing spirits, fain to know
What are humanity and human fate
Of which the rumor reached to where we sate
In our cool, hidden, dreamless ante-glow.
But I learn not, and am bewildered here
To know why thou with seeming-kindly hands
Didst let me forth, explorer of a star
Where all is strange, and very often Fear
Urges retreat to that Forgotten Land's
Unthoughtful shores where thou and Silence are !

PHANTOM LIFE

MY days are phantom days, each one
The shadow of a hope ;
My real life never was begun,
Nor any of my real deeds done.

I live so quietly I know
There must be many a sun
That does not see me as I go
Among my shadows to and fro.

“AT THE HILL’S TOP BIDES LOVE”

MINE is no wayside rose
All may attend :
At the hill’s top it grows,
At the road’s end.

Deep in unchidden weeds,
Rose without stain —
His soul its beauty feeds
Who can attain.

He who attains thereto
Faith must disclose
Ere he will shake the dew
Round its repose.

No pleasant garden-slope
Waiteth for him —
It is to him whose hope
Stayeth undim.

Who trusting receives it,
A faith, in the dale,
His hoping achieves it,
His toil shall avail !

LOVE'S PATIENCE

I LEARN to lag behind my life's desire
That I, impelled not rashly to despair,
May rather guide still hope to some sweet air
Of high achievement where, with statelier fire,
Nearer the stars, my passion may aspire !
Slow-tongued Experience teaches me to bear
On lips more patient Love's impatient prayer,
With toiling hands to weave my dream's attire !
Yet, oh, when fragrant evening dims the world
What moon-flames burn in all the lamps of dew !
What lonely roses lift their hearts impearled —
What silence waits the step and voice of you !
Then, then, all fails ; my empty arms outstart
For one brief hour to strain you to my heart !

A MOTIVE OUT OF LOHENGRIN

UNEARTHLY beauty of soft light persuadeth
This castle, which to shadows did belong ;
And through its farthest vaults sweet, mellow song
The silence of my wintry halls upbraideth ;
Gently as saffron dawn that smiling fadeth
The sable, yielding hours, these search along ;
And with them souls of roses dead — faint throng
Of odors of old years that all-pervadeth.
Lady, this thing I speak not — do not fear it.
'T were more than friendship, yet no better name
Dares my most grateful heart's allegiance claim
Lest this, as I do think, be brother-spirit
To him, swan-brought to Brabant's castled shore,
Who, named aloud, was lost forevermore.

MY SONG MUST NOT FORSAKE ME

NOT mine from thee, loved heart, to feel such tide
As this mine own doth pour thee ;
Still shall I not go all unsatisfied :
Enough that I adore thee.

And if thou never wakest to my song
Not weakly shall it falter ;
Proudly I pace Love's lonely courts along
Unto their inmost altar.

Ah, some day, if, within thy pleasant sleep
Faint echoes of me find thee,
White heart, may dreams be not too fair or deep
Or soothing to unbind thee !

Perchance even then, responding to that sound,
Thou 'lt hail and overtake me,
Clearing the idle distance at a bound. . . .
My song must not forsake me !

THE LAKE

WHEN in our drifting boat
The early lights salute you
Bending to trail your arm
Where yellow lilies rise,
Lifting your full, white throat
To free its morning music —
Then do I dread the charm
Of your deep and changeful eyes !

When, at the night's young hour,
The first fair planet rises
Shaking her petals' gold
Afar in the fields of air ;
When to that flaming flower,
Lonely, the dim lake answers —
Then how my heart grows bold,
Wishing that you were there !

ABSENCE AND PRESENCE

ABSENCE is full of song of you which dies
When I, once more, look down within your eyes :
I know not why — not one least syllable
Reaches your ears, from all I long to tell !

Let it be so ! For, in your silence I
Perceive you spellbound, too ; and therein read
All absent lovely words you ever sigh —
The selfsame words that fail me in my need.

A SONG OF LOVE AND YOUR DREAMS

IF Life be the street
Where dreams are sold,
Faith is the purse
Of exhaustless gold.

Dreams are a-many,
Both false and true,
But Love's is the home
You fetch them to ;

And there, all alone
With Love, you pour
The dreams you bought
On your chamber floor.

And when Love looks
Each packet through,
His smile turns all
The false ones true !

THE MYSTERY OF BEAUTY

I

FOR whom is Beauty? Where no eyes attend
As richly goes the day ; and every dawn
Reddens along green rivers whereupon
None ever gaze. Think, could earth see an end
Of all the twilight lovers whose thoughts blend
With scent of garden blooms they call their own,
Would not as close the yellowest rose outblown
Be, after them, the un murmurous evening's friend?
Then wherefore Beauty, if in mortal eye
That loves them stars no challenge read to shine,
And all the wonder of a sunset sky
Wax not more wondrous for such smile as thine?
Why, pray, if not for Love which cannot die —
This old earth-loving Love of thine and mine?

II

When we two from our Summer hills have passed,
And Autumn burns beneath thy praise no more,
Nor any Winter's raving at our door
Shuts one within the other's heart more fast ;
Neither Spring's roses learn what lips thou hast —
Oh, then this thing called Beauty to its core
Our wedded souls shall penetrate before
One thought unto Eternity is cast !
Then shall we know the violet's pretext ; learn
More definite a promise of the rose,
And its fulfilment ; when the maples turn,
Be part of all the glory among those ;
Or help the May with her uncoiling fern,
And breathe the trillium open where it grows !

THE TRAGIC WINDS

I LAY in a rich chamber candle-dim
And nightlong dreamt awake. The ancient winds
Like remote music made a dusk of sound :

Viols throbbing out some earth-impassioned hymn
From halls of regal revels and bright sins —
Far voices as of love-mad women, crowned,

Star-gemmed Despairs, the queens of legend lands,
Seated within the gateways of their towers,
Eyes full of smiles forgotten, unfelt tears

Uncounted falling in their idle hands
Which whitely drooped upon their laps like flowers.
Anteia's sisters these, and Phædra's feres.

Methought their murmurs gathered in the night,
And all these wretched queens of ancient care
Joined faintly their involuntary moan,

Till pale Aurora passioned toward the light,
Slight Cynthia fled adown her brightening stair,
And day brought other worlds to rule my own.

TO A PICTURE OF MY MOTHER
AS A GIRL

DID ever a youth pass by the spot
Your fragrance, love, made dear,
Without a heart-leap at the lot
That drew his fancy near?

Was ever a maid of fairy stuff
Like this, in days of old —
A rose already fine enough
Without that heart of gold!

SONG OF AGAMEDE

(FROM "THE CITY")

GROW, grow, thou little tree,
His body at the roots of thee ;
Since last year's loveliness in death
The living beauty nourisheth.

Bloom, bloom, thou little tree,
Thy roots around the heart of me ;
Thou canst not blow too white and fair
From all the sweetness hidden there.

Die, die, thou little tree,
And be as all sweet things must be ;
Deep where thy petals drift I, too,
Would rest the changing seasons through.

THE SOBBING WOMAN

I HEARD a woman sobbing in the night
Against a casement high. And as she cried
Our heartless world's deliberate homicide,
Our tragic badinage, our mortal slight
Of elemental claims, and the dark plight
Of the poor I faced there, rigid, open-eyed.
Across the unechoing street in silence died
Her weary moaning. Whether in her sight
Some star appeared to soothe her present pain
With memories sweet, or quiet sleep's strong hand
Blunted her keen-edged woe, or other fear
Came smothering down too close for sob or tear,
I could not guess ; — some Fate may understand
That spins unseen her endless umber skein.

THE INCURABLES

LONG up and down I paced the House of Pain ;
On their white thrones reclined the dwellers there
In regal reticence and superb despair,
Maimed, marred, half blotted out, as they had lain
For expiation under the disdain
Of Life's great, grinding car ; repulsive, fair,
Old, young, loud, gentle, now alike did bear
That kingly quiet whereto those attain
Whom Life has conquered, and whom Death has smitten
With the universal Light. Their erstwhile fret
Forgotten entire beneath the eternal sun,
They lay and read in air the old laws written
Of silence, and their souls were outward set
Where young and old and fair and foul are one.

CHORUS

(FROM "THE CITY")

OF old it went forth to Euchenor, pronounced of his sire—
Reluctant, impelled by the god's unescapable fire—
To choose for his doom or to perish at home of disease
Or be slain of his foes, among men, where Troy surges down to the seas.

Polyides, the soothsayer, spake it, inflamed by the god.
Of his son whom the fates singled out did he bruit it abroad;
And Euchenor went down to the ships with his armor and men
And straightway, grown dim on the gulf, passed the isles he passed never again.

Why weep ye, O women of Corinth? The doom ye have heard
Is it strange to your ears, that ye make it so mournful a word?

Is he who so fair in your eyes to his manhood
upgrew
Alone in his doom of pale death — are of mortals
the beaten so few?

O weep not, companions and lovers! Turn
back to your joys :
The defeat was not his, which he chose, nor the
victory Troy's.
Him a conqueror, beauteous in youth, o'er the
flood his fleet brought,
And the swift spear of Paris that slew completed
the conquest he sought.

Not the falling proclaims the defeat, but the
place of the fall ;
And the fate that decrees and the god that
impels through it all
Regard not blind mortals' divisions of slayer
and slain,
But invisible glories dispense wide over the war-
gleaming plain.

ARLINGTON

NO tap of drum nor sound of any horn
 Shall call them now from this unbattled height ;
 No more the picket dreads the traitor night,
Nor would the marcher tired delay the morn.
Fell some upon the field with victory torn
 From weakening grasp ; and some before the fight,
 Doomed by slow fevers or the stray shot's spite ;
And some, old wounds through quiet years have worn.
And all are folded now so peacefully
 Within her breast whose glory was their dream —
 From her own sanguine fields, from isles extreme,
From the long tumult of the land and sea —
 Where lies the steel Potomac's jewelled stream
Like the surrendered sword of Memory.

BETWEEN HINGHAM AND BRAINTREE

(FOR L. C. C.)

BETWEEN Braintree and Hingham
Beyond the roaring town,
The land shrank into shadow
As the sun dropped down ;
The apple-trees were ghostly,
The peach-trees seemed to bleed,
As the train rushed on to Hingham
With my heart's sore need.

Between Braintree and Hingham
The rocks were ashen-grey ;
The creeks were bare of water,
And the brown boats lay
Tipped in the tideless bottoms
Without a hope to rise,
And all the world grew blacker
'Neath the low black skies.

Between Hingham and Braintree
As the train leaped on to town,
The fields were full of sunshine,
And heaven came down

And lay along the waters
That brimmed the grassy flume,
And gleamed among the fruit-boughs
A-burst with bloom !

Between Hingham and Braintree
The rocks were green-bedight,
The hilltops were a wondrous
Arcadian delight ;
The dories and the catboats
Danced gaily side by side,
And the sails were sheeted silver
On the full flood tide !

WHEAT ELEVATORS

CASTLES, or Titans' houses, or huge fanes
Of ancient gods that yet compel men's fear —
What powers, what pomps, do these betoken here
Looming aloft upon the plough-seamed plains?
Souls of ripe seasons, spirits of sweet rains,
Flock hither; and the sinewy, yellow year
Heaps their high chambers with Pactolian gear
More precious than those golden Lydian grains.
Nor fortresses, nor demi-gods' abodes,
These are upraised to well-feared deities
Whose power is iron, and whose splendid sway
Is undisputed now as when great Rhodes,
And Tyre, and Carthage, flourished serving these,
Or Joseph stored Egyptian corn away.

FROM "OCTAVES IN AN OXFORD GARDEN"

I

WADHAM

THE day is like a Sabbath in a swoon.
Slow in September's blue go fair cloud-things
Poising aslant upon their charmed wings,
Arrested by some backward thought of June.
Softly I tread, and with repentant shoon,
Half fearfully in sweet imaginings,
Where broods, like courtyards of departed kings,
The old quadrangle paved with afternoon.

III

There dwells the very soul of quietness,
Seclusion's spirit deep within the green,
Secure from fame as some unsung demesne
In far Ionian hills. There waits to bless,
With her all-healing, mother-soft caress,
The Sympathy of Trees, that friend unseen,
Soother of moods, on whom all hearts do lean
Sooner or later, and their cares confess.

IV

As one whose road winds upward turns his face
Unto the valleys where he late hath stood,
Leaning upon his staff in peace to brood
On many a beauty of the distant place,
So I in this cool garden pause a space,
Reviewing many things in many a mood,
Accumulating friends in solitude
From the assembly of my thoughts and days.

XII

LOST INHERITANCE

THIS is my lost inheritance. I look
With brotherliest affections yearning forth
To the flower-bearing sod. Oh, what is worth
The strange estate of flesh I strangely took?
In the soft soil the garden breezes shook
From the wall chink but now, there's measure of earth
To match my body's dust when its rebirth
To sod restores old functions I forsook.

XIII

VICISSITUDE

STRANGE that a sod for just a thrill or two
Should ever be seduced into the round
Of change wherein its present state is found
In this my form ! Forsake its quiet, true,
And fruitfulest retirement to go through
The heat, the strain, the languor, and the wound.
Forget soft rain to hear the stormier sound,
Exchange for burning tears its peaceful dew !

XIV

OLD SONG AND A RIVER

IT was the lip of murmuring Thames along
When new lights sought the woods all strangely fair,
Such quiet lights as saints transfigured wear
In minster windows crept the woods among.
And far as from some hazy hill, yet strong,
Methought an upland shepherd piped it there,
Rousing a silvern echo in her lair :
“ Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song.”

XV

My Spenser lay the dewy grass upon,
His pages shone before me as I read —
Like the gold daisies gleaming round his bed
His lantern verses upward to me shone.
End never yet his song's rich note hath known ;
"Sweet Thames" ran softly by his burthen sped,
And shall, while hymns are sung and prayers are said,
Low chanting his glad Prothalamion.

XXI

ST. PAUL'S

ONE time from that grey close I did emerge
Wherethrough I had been toiling, and to me,
Like some benignant rock above the sea,
St. Paul's great brow above the mist and surge
Loomed kindly, and methought did kindly urge
All men up to it, till there came to be
A hush on hearts, a deep tranquillity
Of healing virtue, round the minster's verge.

XXV

ROMAN GLASSWARE PRESERVED IN THE
ASHMOLEAN

FAIR crystal cups are dug from earth's old crust,
Shattered but lovely ; for, at price of all
Their shameful exile from the banquet-hall,
They have been bargaining beauties from the dust.
So, dig my life but deep enough, you must
Find broken friendships round its inner wall —
Which once my careless hand let slip and fall —
Brave with faint memories, rich in rainbow-rust.

XXVI

LIFE'S USURPATION

TELL them, sweet evening breeze poised here, no less
I love their memory whom thou goest to greet
Out there at heaven's gate, but that I meet
Less oft the idle thoughts of old distress.
Tell them the thought of them still lives to bless,
But since I learned how much, despite defeat,
My life demands that I shall make complete,
I must yield up my cherished loneliness.

XXVII

TRACES

SOMETHING of sorrow am I not denied,—
Share of the earth's old, universal pain
I own, — though but as hillsides own the rain,
Or solid sands the long wave's stroking side.
Still, though no rains upon the steep may bide,
And harmlessly the sea-floods rise and wane,
The downward torrent-traces do remain,
And sands bear record of the sedulous tide.

XXXII

He is no lover of the sea who loses
Sound of her voices, inland wandering.
Still should her old melodious mystery spring
Around him, wend he wheresoe'er he chooses;
And so within me rhythmic life refuses
By any other pulse than yours to swing,
Far from your friendship's ocean though I sing
Where the hills tire and the rough pathway bruises.

MINSTRELS IN BLOOMSBURY

TO Covent Garden people stream
To drink the music there ;
Upon the curb we stay to dream
With melody more rare :
Sing on, enchanted minstrel-girl,
Thou artless, young, and fair !

The 'busses in Southampton Row,
The jingling hansoms here,
Bear London, heedless, to and fro
In search of evening cheer :
For us thou art enough, dear voice
Forgetful-sweet and clear !

Our daylong toil but goes to win
Another toilsome day ;
Play on, oblivious violin !
Soft harp, beseech thee, play !
And thou, pale girl with eyes aflame,
Sing on for us who stay !

THOUGHT OF STEVENSON

\ **H**IGH and alone I stood on Calton Hill
Above the scene that was so dear to him
Whose exile dreams of it made exile dim.
October wooed the folded valleys till
In mist they blurred, even as our eyes upfill
Under a too-sweet memory ; spires did swim,
And gables rust-red, on the grey sea's brim —
But on these heights the air was soft and still.
Yet not all still : an alien breeze will turn
Here, as from bournes in aromatic seas,
As round old shrines a new-freed soul might yearn
With incense of rich earthly reveries.
Vanish the isles : Mist, exile, searching pain,
But the brave soul is free, is home again !

AFTER READING "THE GOLDEN TREASURY" IN THE GREEN PARK

OFF Piccadilly with its pavement cries,
Its maddening monotone of wheel and hoof,
In the Green Park primeval Summer lies,
How neat, how yearning, yet how far aloof !
O city, symbol of a world that still
Heedless of beauty under heaven rolls ;
And thou, blithe meadow all with larks athrill
Like Poetry, that pasture of great souls —
Ye twain, so sundered, shall forever dwell,
A tumult and a blessing side by side :
Here, as to toil-worn Argo once befell
A singing island on a thundering tide,
Where men might stretch them out in glad release,
We too, much-wandering, hail this hour of peace !

ON THE LOWER RHINE

(DÜSSELDORF, HEINE'S BIRTHPLACE)

BY Düsseldorf the singing Rhine-Stream bends,
Age-wonted from his earlier lyric tone :
A master-singer somewhat pensive grown,
In more of epic stateliness he wends
Where Youth, in memory only, still attends
With foregone passions, raptures long since flown ;
So sweeps he down from Minster-crowned Cologne,
And to the silent, level sea descends.
Not such, O Heine, thy mad stream of song !
Though now beyond our fitful ocean's hem
The eternal tide of beauty harbor thee,
Thou fleddest the broken crags of life along,
Beating white flowers of foam out over them,
And passionately soughtest thy mother-sea !

SOUVENANCE DE LIÈGE

(NOVEMBER)

GREY city by the silver Meuse, I fling
One precious day to thee of my brief days ;
Take it, and give remembrance : Mellow praise
Of chimes across a moonlit evening,
Rain of light echoes ; the full, wavy swing
Of burdened barges down thy waterways —
Noise nearest music ; the blue, holy haze
And perfume of old altars ; wing on wing
Of iridescent doves descending soft
Within a Gothic gate where one strews bread
For alms to the air's beggars ; beyond her,
Arcades recessive, pinnacles aloft,
November's vista deepening to one blur
Of blue-and-grey behind her upturned head.

AFTER READING AN OLD COMEDY

(FOR H. A. B.)

I CLOSE the book, thee in it, gentle mime,
In undisturbed seclusion hid away
'Twixt dulled moroccas where shall none gainsay
Thine obvious humor of a simpler time :
So an old grandsire's chimney-corner rime,
Secure in smiles of those who love him, may
Never on cold, unkindred hearing play,
But live alway its crisp and mirthful prime.
There waits bold, pleasant wit all undismayed,
Unconscious of this devious age of ours,
Forever alien to our sighs and tears ;
And there the sweep of fair, antique brocade,
The undying perfume of forgotten flowers,
And laughter ringing faintly from old years.

AFTER READING "AN ITALIAN GARDEN"

(FOR R—)

TO him no more an inward hate
 Shall speak, nor aught but beauty sing,
Who walks within this Garden late
 And hears the fountain murmuring.

A vestige of some other day
 Once lived, but dim-remembered now,
Goes in the moon's familiar way
 Beneath the stately ilex-bough.

The parterre — I but half forget —
 The Tuscan melancholy night —
Too faintly I regain them, yet
 Too keenly to have lost them quite.

Was I the Other of some song
 That many a year hath left the lips
Of her who walks alone along
 The water where the Triton dips?

And she — how her rispetti claim
 The sad, bewildered heart of me
That ever almost-saith her name,
 Yet loseth it continually !

Slow moving down the marble stair,
Or leaned on sculptured balustrade,
Her face is shadowed by her hair,
Her arms are buried in its shade.

Oh, would she lift that face, or free
Those hidden hands, I know that soon
My faint, old faded Italy
Again might blossom to the moon !

CHORUS

(FROM "THE CITY")

ÆGINA'S foam is high and wild
Where Pan immortal sits enisled ;
But thou and I with flying oar
Seek Psyttaleia's sacred shore.

The City of the Violet Crown
Well knows that rocky island's frown ;
But thou and I together learned
What fires upon her altars burned.

Oh, many a sail goes gleaming there
Bound for some olive-garden fair ;
But thou and I made fast to her
And found her cypress lovelier.

The shrines of Aphrodite lift
Their smoke in every village-rift ;
But thou and I remote from man
Propitiate the woodland Pan.

GOLDEN ROD

DOUBTLESS 't was here we walked but yesterday,
Seeing not any beauty save the green
Of meadows, or, where slipt the brook between,
A ribbon of blue and silver; yet the way
Is strange: in golden paths I seem astray.
Do you remember, comrade, to have seen
Aught forward in these meadows that should mean
A culmination in such fair display?
We noticed not the humble stalks amid
The many roadside grasses; but, it seems,
They were preparing this! And, when their dreams
Were ripe for doing, they could no more be hid
Than golden thoughts that bloom to action when
Their hearts make heroes out of common men.

IN OCTOBER

THE maples their old sumptuous hues resume
Around the woodland pool's bright glass, and strong
The year's blue incense and recession-song
Sweep over me their music and perfume.
Dear Earth, that I reproached thee in my gloom
I would forget, as thou forgott'st; I long
To make redress for such a filial wrong
And praise thee now for all thy ruddy bloom!
So fond a mother to be used so ill!
Yet this poor heart of mine hath ever been
Prey to its own unwarranted alarms —
Shall fret, and beg forgiveness so, until
Thou fold my thankless body warmly in,
And draw me back into thy loving arms.

WHEN ROSELEAVES FALL

WHEN roseleaves fall in evenings cold
To mingle with their mother mold,
Look to it lest thy heart be set
To seek strange blossoms and forget
Thy roses and their sway of old.

Run not to lesser blooms ! nor fold
Unto thy heart the creed those hold
Who stand like Stoics by and let
Their roseleaves fall !

But gather them as precious gold ;
Rich-spiced, high-placed and orient-bowled,
They shall be Summer to thee yet.
What though they fade and thou regret,
Thou canst make theirs a boon untold
When roseleaves fall.

SPRINGTIDE OF THE SOUL

(FOR R. B.)

THE flesh to fragrant whitening of the bough,
Full-flooding fields, and softening sod, doth yearn;
The spirit will to Autumn's wooing burn,
And to October is her tenderest vow:
October, Springtide of the soul! What now
May I compare to raptures that return
When round thine auburn hair these eyes discern
First the wild, purple berries kiss thy brow?

My soul bends to thee, as a waiting bride,
Long from her maiden chamber searching far,
Doth see, at last, beneath the vesper star,
Her sunset lover toward her castle ride:
She flings her evening casement open wide,
And leans out through the trembling lattice-bar,
Then, turning, sets her chamber door ajar,
And flies back to the crimsoning window-side.

"Submit thyself to Beauty," cry the lords
Of this Autumnal pageant: day-end skies
That dwell in calm, like love-remembered eyes —
And the dim dusk of topaz-golden hoards
Streaking the forest like old painted words

Fading along some saint's-page fair and wise —
And windy rivers whose mingled voices rise
To smite rich, vibrant, melancholy chords.

.

Friend of my heart ! Among the Autumn trees
We walk together baring thought to thought
Of this vast symbol-earth wherein lie wrought
Hints of immortal dreams and destinies !
And you and I are part of all of these !
Ourselves mysterious emblems, tones half-caught
From voices far, wherein our souls have sought
Deep meanings, silent, 'mid earth's melodies.

“EX LIBRIS”

IN an old book at even as I read
Fast fading words adown my shadowy page,
I crossed a tale of how, in other age,
At Arquà, with his books around him, sped
The word to Petrarch ; and with noble head
Bowed gently o'er his volume that sweet sage
To Silence paid his willing seigniorage.
And they who found him whispered, “He is dead !”

Thus timely from old comradeships would I
To Silence also rise. Let there be night,
Stillness, and only these staid watchers by,
And no light shine save my low study light —
Lest of his kind intent some human cry
Interpret not the Messenger aright.

WHEN THE SONG IS DONE

WHEN the song is done
And his heart is ashes,
Never praise the Singer
Whom you, silent, heard.
What to him the sound?
What your eyes' fond flashes?
When the singing's over
Say no word!

Ye who darkling stood,
Think, your noon of praises,
Can it glimmer down
To his deepset bower?
Never round him shone
Once your garden-mazes:
Now his wandering's over
Bring no flower!



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